

Newes out of Issington.

O R,

A Dialogue very merry and
pleasant betwixt a knavish *Pro-
jector*, and honest *Clod the
Plough-man*.

With certaine Songs of the late
fall of the new *Beare-garden*; and
for the fall of *Projectors*.

By *Tbo. Herbert*.

LONDON,
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be sold at his shop in Smithfield, over
against Hosier Lane at the signe
of the Bunch of Grapes.

1641.



Newes out of Islington.

Project.

W Hy how now Plough-man : what melancholy?

Plough. Yes, and more than melancholy, I am mad; nay, more, I am stark mad, and ever will be mad, what's that to thee?

Pro. Prethee tell me the cause?

Plow. The cause? to give halfe of a French Crown for a Mastive, and then to have the Bear-garden, blown downe, I think is sufficient cause enough to make the patientest plough-man in Christendome goe hang himselfe.

Proj. Is the Bear-garden down?

Plow. Yes marry is it, if you will not believe me, you may goe to *Islington* and see it lie as flat as a Shrove-tuesday pan-cake, but this tricke shall make me to be more wise than to spend childrens portions.

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buil

building of Beare-gardens, if the windes grow so high once.

Pro. I am of this conceit plough-man, that the winds conspired together, to make thee first run out of thy cloaths, then out of thy wits, & then goe hang thy selfe.

Plow. You are deceived Projector, the winds came onely for this purpose: that thinking, thou hadst procured a patent for Bear-baiting, and hadst then been trying thy skill, they intended to drive thee and thy patent both in hell together; but your time being yet not come, it mist you, and overthrew the Bear-garden.

Proj. This plough-man hath more wit than halfe a dozen of the wisest Projectors in *England*; I have invented a project to make him free of our Corporation; some of his trade wee have already, and if we had him also, wee were made: honest plough-man I have hitherto been in jest, and so I hope hast thou.

Plow. He tell thee (Projector) another reason why of late the winds blew so furiously: It was to give the whole world notice,

tice, that all projectors were knaves, and that they would undoe all *England*, if that young *Brandon* had not the cutting them off very speedily.

Proj. Come, I know plough-man, that thou hast bin all this time in jest, (because I love thee well) be rul'd by me, and I'll shew thee a way to bee rich in spight of fortune, and become honourable in spight of all thy enemies.

Plough. And become a knave in spight of the devill himselfe, as you are.

Proj. Good ploughman, interrupt me not, as you like my motion so make use of it.

Plough. To make use of thy motion, will be to climbe nine motions hand and foot, (*Tiburne*) and never come downe againe, untill young *Greg.* make use of his cutelash; and I am sure that will be worse than vexing at the fall of the new Bear-garden. But yet I pray let me heare your motion, as I like it, so will I make use of it.

Proj. Doe, and flourish, doe what thou wilt, command what thou wilt, and take

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what thou wilt, who is't shall dare for to
controule thee? I my selfe which now am
called projector throughout the world,
when first I took upon me that same trade
I was not worth the third part of a groat:
but now through my Projects, who of late
could have done more in the world than
I? what, and who was hee which I com-
manded not? I have pulled downe and
raised up: I have snatched away from
some, and given again to others some, but
kept the best part to my selfe. Those which
I thought would not easily be brought to
my purpose, I allured them by my golden
hook, and so drawed them unto mee, and
so maist thou. Those which I thought
endeavoured to prevent my plots, I kept
them close, and made them con the old
Proverb, *silentia tutum est*: in plain tearms
I made them as mute as fishes; and so
maist thou.

Plough. Faith Mr. Projector so I may be
hang'd as well as you: I shall heare good
scrape anon I make no question.

Pro. I could brag of a hundred feats which
I have

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I have done alone, and so in time maist thou, of the Patents which I have procured. To be short I can bragge that I have cheared the whole world.

Plough. Brag on: I make no question but that shortly young *Greg.* will cheate you; hee will serve you as the Butcher his Dog, make you believe he carries you to breakfast, but it will prove a hanging one.

Proj. What saist thou plough-man, wilt thou make use of my motion?

Plough. Will you have me make use of I know not what?

Proj. In plaine termes, wilt thou turne Projector or Cheater, which thou wilt, as I am, couzen the world as I doe, and then shalt thou have as I have.

Plough. Good Mr. projector, two words to a bargaine: I love money well, but my neck better.

Proj. Why dost thou not thinke, but that I have wayes enough to keep my selfe from hanging?

Plough. Faith Sir I cannot tell, I thinke if you be not hang'd the more is the pittie.

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Proj.

Proj. Push man, I have such friends as the world cannot yeeld the like.

Plough. I cannot tell; perhaps you may verifie the old proverb; what saies *M. Parker*; the more knave the better fortune, but yet it is verie unlikely. There is a certaine thing, good Master projector, (If I be not deceiv'd) cald Parliamenr.

Proj. What have I to doe with that?

Plough. I know not whether you have any thing to doe with that or no, but I am sure they will have somewhat to doe with you: I doubt me, that I shal be troubled to come out of the Country to see you take a turne in the Citie.

Proj. What if I have the Pope to my friend?

Ploughman. Faith if thou have ten popes, and as many devills, I believe it will prove so.

Pro. I cannot but laugh at thy simplicity.

Plough. You may laugh as much as you pleate at me living, but looke to it, Ile laugh ten times as much at you hanging.

Pro. Ile tell thee *ploughman* let the worst
come

come to the worst, I can fly to him; and so maist thou.

Plow: Truly I know not the way, nor doe I intend to learne, perhaps some of your tribe which weare the popes livery, having beene lately there, have layd a clew to direct you thither, wherefore take your journey when you please good Mr. projector if your forerunners have deceived you, I make no question but that there be 20. Iesuits in England can guide you the way, as for my part I love so well the K. of England that I intend never to run to Rome.

Proj. You will not.

Plough. no indeed Mr. Projector, I had rather work with my plow at home then to play at hazard abroad.

Proj. you need not disdain it, for as good as you doe hazard abroad.

Plough. Nay good Mr. Projector you need not say so, for I know very well that there have been two or three notable rambles not long since Sr. Iohn Mandevill. I have read their travels.

Proj. ploughman now I perceive that you can jeare knavishly.

Plough.

Plough. And I know that projectors can cheat rogiſhly, but ile be ſure to keepe within compas, there is a new Booke come out lately which is called ſo.

Proj. well ploughman you will not take my advice.

Plough. No, good Mr. Projector.

Proj. There have heene ſome of your occupation which doe.

Plough J make no queſtion ſometimes but that a ploughman may become a paire of gallowes as well as a Cirizen. Do you think that there be not as long eares for the pillory and necks for the rope in the Countrey as well as the City, yes ile warrant you good Mr. Projector.

Proj. Well I ſee you are no man for my pthpoſe, wherefore fare you well cloddish ploughman.

Plough. A word with you before you gce good Mr. Projector.

Proj. Speake your pleaſure.

Plough. Here is a groat for you, (becauſe you ſhould not put the Common wealth to charges) to buy a rope and hang thy ſelfe.

But

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But now I remember my selfe, J wil
save my groat for feare young Gregory
be angry with mee for hindring him of
some of his practises.

Proj. Time hath beene, base Clod, that
you nor the proudest in the world dared
not once to affront me.

Plough. I but (God be thanked) there
hath bene a Parliament since which is the
reason that so many of the Projectors cor-
porations breeches make buttons.

Proj. This whorson varlet pricks mee to
the heart.

Plough. I see you are sad Sir, wherefore
to make you merry listen but a while, and
il'e sing you a song of the New Bearegar-
dens fall, perhaps you may pick some-
thing out of it for your own consolation.

A SONG.

To the tune of *So old, so old.*

The force of winds who can withstand.

In ship, on horse, by Sea or Land.

Its power abroad hath been much shewne.

Poor Merchants have it too well knowne.

So

So low, so low, so wondrous low,
 The Beare-gardens downe:
 All passengers see,
 It lay on the ground.

The horse which now the race doth runne,
 By force of wind may be undone:
 The ship which now the Ocean rid,
 Anon may in the sea be hid,
 So low, so low, so wondrous low,
 The Beare-gardens downe,
 All passengers see
 It lay on the ground.

The Bullrind Beares may now rejoyce,
 Expressing mirth with merry voyce:
 Æolus the god of windes,
 Lately hath prov'd to them kind.
 So low, so low, so wondrous low,
 The Beare-gardens downe,
 All passengers see
 It lay on the ground.

The structure seemed to be rare,
 With the which few might compare,

BUT

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But now the winds have cast it downe,
The ruines lay flat on the ground.
So low, so low, so wondrous low,
The Beare-gardens downe,
All passengers see
It lay on the ground.

Let not projectors brag nor boast,
Because of late they rul'd the roast.
Their pride may chance to have a trip,
If Gregory cast them on the hip.
So low, so low so wondrous low.
The Bearegardens downe.
All passengers see,
It lay on the ground.

Let Masse priests pack away to Rome,
Least when they come to heare their doome.
For very feare they chance to fall.
Crosses, beads, tapers, and all.
So low, so low, so wondrous low,
The Beare-gardens downe,
All passengers see
It lay on the ground.

*The breath of Iustice is more strong,
 Than Boreas blasts, therefore along.
 Pack baldpates, Iesuits and Friers.
 Projectors till tis our desires.
 Least low, so low, so wondrous low.
 You all doe fall downe.
 And passengers see.
 You lay on the ground.*

Proj. You have done now durty Clod
 have you not?

Plough. Yes knavish projector that I have.

Proj. If ever projector comes into estimation againe, you shall at Tiburne sing another song to a sorrowfull tune.

Plough. Thanke you master projector, I thus with my other song take my leave of you.

A SONG.

To the tune of the Gipsies.

*Some did England molest,
 And the poor much oppress,
 And I dare to protest,
 They did it not in iest.*

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*I love so well our English Crowne.
I wish projectors were puld downe.*

*Our Leather hath been deare,
Which made for some good cheere,
Which now are nere the neare.*

But surely stinks for feare.

*I love so well our English Crowne.
I wish projectors were puld downe.*

*Tobacco that was made
To be a Lordlike trade.
Those which had but a spade.
Have now a bilbo blade.*

*I love so well our English Crowne.
I wish projectors were puld downe.*

*And wine that was made deare,
I would not have mine care,
A peeping hole so neare,
As of one I did heare.*

*I love so well our English Crowne.
I wish projectors were puld downe.*

Wee had a dearth of Sope.

But now as I doe hope,

Those

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Those which then trod such steps.

Must now dance in a rope.

I love so well our English Crowne.

I wish projectors were puld downe.

Plough. How like you this projector.

*Proj. As well as I like your selfe, and that
is, worke then the Devill.*

Plou. Farewell projector I love thee so well,

That I doe wish thee or thy deeds in hell.

If thou stay long sure Tiburne it wil mourne.

And laugh us honest Countriman to scorne.

*Young Grig: in stead of hangman, knave
will bee.*

Because such as thy selfe, doe goe scot free.

I love a man, but never such an evill.

*That proves good unto none except the De-
vill.*

Once more farewell, to thee I say adieu,

When I want knavery, I will send for you.

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